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ACADEMIA:

OR, THE

HUMOURS

OF THE

University of Oxford.

IN

BURLESQUE Verse.

By Mrs. *Alicia D'Anvers.*

LONDON,

Printed and sold by *Randol Taylor* near Stationers
Hall. 1691. 12. March.

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T O T H E
UNIVERSITY.

Hail peaceful Shade, whose sacred verdant side
Bold Thamisis salutes, hail Noble Tide ;
Hail Learning's Mother, hail Great Brittain's Pride.
Hail to thy lovely Groves, and Bowers, wherein
Thy Hea'ven begotten Darlings sit, and sing ;
Thy First-born Sons, who shall in After-Story
Share thy loud Fame, as now they bring thee Glory.

Arriv'd at such a rich Maturity,
Those who spell Man so well, would blush to be
Took at the Mothers Breast, or Nurses Knee ;
Much more in filth to wallow Shoulder high,
In Tears, till his kind Nurse had laid him dry.

To the UNIVERSITY.

*Actions that give no blush of Guilt, or Shame,
To those so young, that yet they want a Name,
(I've heard that Brute, and Infant are the same.)
Then beauteous Matron, frown not on me for't.
Tho at the triflings of your younger sort,
I smile so much; since all I hope to do,
Is but to raise your Smiles, and others too,
And please my self, if pardon'd first by you.*

ACADEMIA

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OR THE

HUMOURS

OF THE

University of Oxford.

I 'Intend to give you a *Relation*,
As prime as any is in the *Nation*:
The Name of th' place is--- let me see,
Call'd most an end the *'Versity*;
In which same place, as Story tells,
Liv'd once *Nine* handsome bonny *Girls*,
Highly in *olden Time* reputed,
Tho' now so thawct'd and persecuted;

B

Schollars

Schollars belike now can't abide 'um,
So that they're fain to scout and hide 'um,
Or's sure as you're alive they'd beat 'um ;
Out of the place they'd chose to seat 'um,
And they who won't be seen to maul 'um,
Revile, bespatter 'um, or becall 'um.
E'ne these fly *Curs* would *Strumpets* make 'um,
When e're they catch 'um can, or take um,
And pinch 'um, till they've made 'um sing ye,
The filthy'st stuff as one can bring ye;
The end of all such *Rascals* wooing,
Proves many 'a heedless *Girl's* undoing :
All these, and twenty more *Abuses*,
Are daily offer'd to the *Muses*.
You may perceive, I'me mightily
Disturb'd, they're us'd so spitefully ;
And must confess, where's no denying,
That I can hardly hold from crying;
But that I mayn't be seen to bellow,
Like 'Girl forsaken by a *Fellow*,
Roar, throw my Snot about, and blubber,
Like *School-Boys*, or an am'rous *Lubber*,

I'll

I'll lay aside my *Bowels* yearning,
And talk of *Schollars*, and their *Learning*.

When the young *Farmer*, or young *Farrier*,
Comes jogging up with's *Country Carrier*,
Well hors'd as he, for I have seen 'um
Both have but one good *Horse* between 'um:
But two *Bums*, with one *Horse* there under,
Is no great matter of a wonder;
For some are fain to ride o'th 'packing,
Made easie with good *Straw*, and *Sacking*,
Kindly contriv'd for's *Buttocks* sake,
Which otherwise might chance to ake:
But then there's no great fear of tumbling,
Altho the *Nag* were giv'n to stumbling;
He can't be hurt (Sir,) if you'd have him,
Say he shou'd fall, the pack would save him:
So that if I might tell my mind, Sir,
I'd's live ride so, as ride behind Sir.
Then if the *Young-Mans Band* or *Craivit*,
Handkerchief, *Neck-cloath*, what you'll have it,

Be ill put on, or off be blow'n,
The *Carrier* tyes, or pins it on;
Or he had been a very *Clown*, to
Be bred and born i'th same *Town* too.
And knew his Friends so well, and knew him,
That wou'dn't have been civil to him;
Beside, a charge given by his *Mother*,
To use him kinder than another.

Now being arrived at his *Colledge*,
The place of *Learning*, and of *Knowledge*,
A while he'll leer about, and snivel ye,
And doff his Hat to all most civilly,
Being told at home that a shame Face too,
Was a great sign he had some *Grace* too,
He'l speak to none, alas ! for he's
Amaz'd at every Man he sees :
May-hap this lasts a *Week*, or two,
Till some *Scab* laughs him out on't, so
That when most you'd expect his mending,
His *Breeding*s ended, and not ending :

Now

Now he dares walk abroad, and dare ye,
 Hat on, in Peoples *Faces* stare ye,
 Thinks what a *Fool* he was before, to
 Pull off his Hat, which he'd no more do ;
 But that the *Devil* shites *Disasters*,
 So that he's forc'd to cap the *Masters*,
 He might have nail'd it to his *Head*, else,
 And wore it *Night*, and *Day* a *Bed*, else,
 And then de'e see, for I'de have you mind it,
 He had always known where to find it ;
But of a bad thing, make the best say,
And of two Evils chuse the least pray,
 He must cap them ; but for all other,
 Tho 'twere his Father, or his Mother,
 His Gran'um, Unckle, Aunt, or Cousin,
 He wo' not give one Cap to a dozen ;
 Tho you must know he flows with Mony,
 Giv'n by his Mam, unto her Hony ;
 His Aunts, their Six-pence were apiece too,
 Having had the luck to sell their Geese to
 Some profit, that same Market-day,
 Being th' o're night he came away :

But

But f'rall they were so loving to him,
Besure they'd always see him doing,
Because they entertained this Hope,
In time he might become a Bishop ;
That often he had cause to grumble,
Under thick-fisted Master Fumble :
The Master of the School was he,
And slash'd him for his good, de'e see,
Beating his Brains into his Collar,
That he might prove the better Schollar.
He looks upon it as a Bleffing
Beyond his wish and his expressing ;
A good Substantial, and no Fiction,
To be free from his Jurisdiction,
With's Fellow Rake-Hells gets acquainted,
Who might i'th Country have been Sainted.
These kindly hug young Soph, and squeeze him,
And of his Cash t'a Farthing ease him ;
This being done, and being so,
He's at a loss now what to do.
So here I'll leave him, I must tell ye,
With a Heart panting in his Belly ;

But

But lest Despair prove his undoing,
E're long I'll come again unto him,
With some of's hackle and profession,
Tho I must make a short digression;
These being of another sort, then
Those who're design'd for Inns of Court-men.
Who most an end come up a Horse-back,
Tho many a time they're brought a pick-pack,
Like Geese to Market, niddle, noddle,
So high, no mar'l their Brains prove oddle.
Another sort of idle Loaches
Come lolling up to Town in Coaches;
Those I've spoken of, de'e observe me,
Either's a Servitor to serve ye,
Brings Bread and Beer, or what is call'd for,
Eating what's left, Trencher and all (Sir:)
Or else a Commoner may be,
And thinks himself better than he,
Because he shou'd pay for his eating,
But can't, unless you'll take a beating.
The next, who 'as leave to domineer,
Adds Gentleman to Commoner,

Most

Most dearly tender'd by his Mother,
Who loves him better than his Brother ;
So she at home, a good while keeps him,
In White-broath, and Canary steeps him:
And tho his Noddle's somewhat empty,
His Guts are stuf't with Sweet-meats plent :
Madam's most sadly tofficated,
Knowing her Boy but empty-pated,
Lest the soft *Squire* might starved be,
When e're he's sent to'th' *Versity* ;
Which to prevent, and to befriend him,
A Pye, or Cake, she'll quickly send him,
Directed for her loving Son,
Living i'th Colledge in Oxford Town ;
Charging her Man to let him know,
That they're all well, and hope he's so :
But what his Mother sent up with him,
Being much more than now she gives him;
And all consum'd ; he thinks it best
To hide, and eat by himself the rest :
His will at home (Sir,) always having,
But made his Stomach, the more craving ;

May-

May hap they'd twenty hundred *Dishes*,
 And twenty thousand sort of *Fishes*,
 Of which, when but a little Elf,
 He'd eat the greatest part himself;
 De'e think then 'twould not make the young Lad
 At a *Three half pence* Meat become sad,
 Which at the *Colledge*, you must know, Man's
 No more, nor less; than one *Boys Commons*?
 And then, they make a hideous clutter
 For a *Farth'n Drink*, *Bread*, *Cheese*, or *Butter*;
 And would that pay, now, in your thinking,
 For washing of the *Pot* they drink in?
 Yet for all this, his *Tutor* cryes ye,
 Sufficient 'tis, and may suffice ye;
 Knowing from being bred a *Schollar*,
 Much *eating* breeds both *Flegm*, and *Coller*,
 Much *praying* him, does much advise it,
 If he loves *Learning*, to despise it:
Glutt'ony (thinks *Soph*,) who e're abhorr'd it,
 That had wherewith, and could afford it?
 Tho' like a *Log* he stands, he's thinking,
 He lives by *eating*, and by *drinking*,

C

And

And finds it so unreasonable,
 He mayn't *eat* all that comes to Table;
 That truth, he may advise him to't,
 But for his part he'll never do't,
 Preach till his *heart akes*, of forbearing,
 He for his share, will ne're be sparing;
 And when he's told 'tis naught for's head, to
 Lye all the livelong *day* a-bed so;
 He fears his *Tutor* would prevent
 His having any *Nonrishment*.

When *Categorematical*,
 A Word, you'd think the *Devil* and all,
 But hold! --- I think there is another,
 Should a' took place as *Elder Brother*,
 'Tis, let me see, now, whach'ee call,
Syncategorematical.
 Were it *Old Nick*, enough to muffle him,
 For all his years, and standing, puzzle him;
Soph, when this comes, (as I was saying,)
 Begins to know the use of *praying*,

Blessing *himself*, and his *Relations*,
 From these, and such like *Conjurations* ;
Master Existence, almost mad is,
 To see one *stupid* as this *Lad* is,
 And *'faith* and *troth*, it is a woe thing,
 When he need say no more then, *nothing*
You mean by those long words, or *something* ;
 Then en't the *Logger head* a *Bumpkin* :
 For's pains the *Tutor* but a *looby*,
 To make this *hubbub* with a *Booby* ;
 And think, that all his care can do,
 May alter, what he's *born* unto :
 A *Fool* both *bred*, and *born* was he,
 Was so *begot*, and so *must be* ;
 And's *Mother'd* have him so, the rather
 That in him, she might see his *Father*.
 'Tis not a *Tutors* circumspection,
 Can keep the *Blockhead* from *infection*,
 While the *Distemper's* in his *Nature*,
 You must expect him a *Man-hater* ;
 Being one o'th *Puppys* o'th' *Nation*,
 Both by descent, and inclination,

Following his *Noble Ancestors*,
 A company of *lazy Curs*,
 Bord'ring like them, so much on *Beast*,
 Loves what's the farthest off the least ;
 Tho's *Tutor* thinks his *over-dulness*
 Comes from his often *over-fulness*,
 And that his *Brains* become so muddy,
 From having *Pastys* in his Study ;
 But he might lay aside that fear,
 Could he but find one two days there ;
 But why, not *eating* do him good tho',
 By *breeding Brains* as well as *Blood* so.

No matter, tho' his *Tutor* jobes him,
 His *Father* but the better loves him,
 Asking, If's *Son* has got a *Punck* yet,
 Whores ye, and gets ye often *drunk* yet ;
 Being told by's *Man*, he took him *quaffing*,
 For joy he bursts his sides with *laughing*,
 And prithee *John* (says he) and how was't?
 Ha, *drunk 'ith' Cellar*, as a *Sow*, vvaft?

John

John simpers, makes a *Leg*, or so ;
 And since his *Worships* pleas'd to know,
 An't like ye, we were something *mellow*,
 For I Sir, and another Fellow----
 The *justice* growing into a *Passion*,
 Cuts him 'ith' midst of his *Relation*,
 Cries, where was your *young Master Sirrah*?
 O ho, quoth *John*---and say--- *where wor' a*,
 Down in the *Cellar* too, I wot,
 But I was so gown, *Ide* forgot,
 For I've a lamentable head,
 'Specially when I me cut 'ith' *Leg*,
 But Master, (Sir) need never spare it,
 Hoa has a pure *strung head* to bear it ;
 And so 'ud need (Sir for ought I know,
 Few *Scholars* are so learn'd as *hoa* ;
 I'de give your *Worship* all my *earning*,
 To have *hoa's* stock (Sir) of *Book-learning* ;
 Something (Sir,) did my Master say,
 For I was bent, to bring't away,
 But I've a plaguee *Head-Piece*---look now.
 I ha't--- 'twas *Latin*, for the *Cook* now,

Hoa

Ho call'd him *Choke us---* so't must be,
I knew 'twas somewhat of *Cookery*.

Here my *Old Master* laughs most surely,
Tho' *John* looks all the while demurely;
And while he's pleas'd *beyond expression*,
To understand his Sons *Profession*;
John steals out to the place they wish him,
I mean, *among the Maids 'ith Kitchen*;
They'd got there too, *young Master's Sister*,
Her Mother yet not having *mist her*;
They that wa'n't there, were very sorry,
All longing so to hear *John's Story*,
Of where, and how, and what hea'd seen,
And in what *Colleges* hea'd been;
Thus having made a general Muster,
The Men and Maids got of a Cluster,
Having all bid him *welcome home*, *John*,
Bess *scatching of her Pate*, cries, *come John*,
How does my little Master do?
Cries *John*, no *small one*, now I trow;

Now, should you see'n, you wou'dn't known,
 O Ceremony! *hoa's bougely* grown!
 Make a brave Man, *but given* grace;
 Why, *hoa* lives in a sweetly place;
 (Crys *Tom*,) he made you welcome surely:
 O ay (cryes *John*,) we revel'd purely!
 Our *Tenants* feast to that, mun nothing's,
 We purg'd, as we had dranck at both ends.
Count, what came tumbling down our *Hoases*,
 Beside what flew out from our *Noses*;
 'Twould make one split ones *Guts* I swear tho,
 But for my part it made me stare tho;
 There's in the *Cellar*, to my thinking,
 * A *Horn*, or something else to drinck in,
 Which being fill'd full, as it can hold,
 'Tis his that drincks it off I'm told;
 But here's the thing that makes the rout,
 When you drinck deep it flyes about,
 And dout's one's *Eyes*, and makes one cough,
 So that one ne're can tope it off;
 Such *ugly tricks* I can't endure, I,
 For't spoil'd the Band *Sue* vvash'd so purely,

* At *Queens*
 there is such a
Horn, but
Johns De-
 scription is
 sufficient.

And

Hoa call'd him *Choke us---* so't must be,
I knew 'twas somewhat of *Cookery*.

Here my *Old Master* laughs most surely,
Tho' *John* looks all the while demurely;
And while he's pleas'd beyond expression,
To understand his Sons Profession;
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They'd got there too, young *Master's Sister*,
Her Mother yet not having mist her;
They that wa'n't there, were very sorry,
All longing so to hear *John's Story*,
Of where, and how, and what hea'd seen,
And in what Colleges hea'd been;
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Count, what came tumbling down our *Hoases*,
 Beside what flew out from our *Noses*;
 'Twould make one split ones *Guts* I swear tho,
 But for my part it made me stare tho;
 There's in the *Cellar*, to my thinking,
 * A *Horn*, or something else to drinck in, * *At Queens*
 Which being fill'd full, as it can hold, *there is such a*
 'Tis his that drincks it off I'm told; *Horn, but*
 But here's the thing that makes the rout, *Johns De-*
 When you drinck deep it flyes about, *scription is*
 And dout's one's *Eyes*, and makes one cough, *sufficient.*
 So that one ne're can tope it off;
 Such *ugly tricks* I can't endure, I,
 For't spoil'd the Band *Sue* vvash'd so purely,
 And

And all my *Bosome* fell adovvn too,
 When I'de no other *Shirt* in *Town* too ;
 And 'cause they'l have no *Fresh-men* there,
 At first the *Scollards* salt one's bear ;
 O *law* ! I vvish'd my self at home ;
 It made me *spue* so ; ay (says *Tom*,)
 As good a staid at home and thresh *John*,
 And so have ever been a *Freshman* ;
 And vvhere vvvas this (cryes *Bess*,) at *Queens*,
 There Mr. *William* vvvent it seems,
Queens, ay (says *John*,) as neat a place
 As could be made to hold her *Grace* :
 O ay (cryes *Tom*,) I think I've heard so,
 The *Queen* was once a *Schollar* there too ;
 (Cries *John*,) 'tis true, from thence it came,
 That ever since it has her *Name*.

Tom asks, what fine things to be seen,
 Beside the *Colledge* of the *Queen* ?

(Cries *John*) a many in the *Town* :

First there's a hounge'ous *masty* * *Clown*,
 As you go into th' *Physick Garden*,
 Master ne're shew'd me, but I star'd in,

* A Tree cut
 into the shape
 of a Giant, the
 Face *Alabla-*
ster.

The

The *Yat's* all hung about with *whimwhoms*,
 As *Fishes Bones*, and other *thingums*:
 This *Giant* stands as you come first in,
 For *I took heart* at last to thrust in;
 His *Head* has got an *Iron Cap* on,
 To keep of *Showers*, or what might happen;
 His *Face* is like a *Man's*, to see to,
 And yet his *Bodies* but a *Tree* too:
 Strutting, 'a holds a *Club* on's *Shoulder*,
 Which makes him look more *fierce* and *bolder*;
 And I was told there was another,
 Which now is * *dead*, and was his *Brother*:
 I went on th' other side to eye'n,
 Not caring much to come to nye'n;
 Least with *his Club* he should be doing;
 But the *Folks* said, one might go to him:
 But for my part, I did not care,
 To look in's *Face* he did so stare.
 There lyes a * *Tooth*, I tell a *Fib* too,---
 Some call't a *Tooth*, but most a *Rib* do.
 A vast thing 'tis, what e're it be,
 And put there for a *Rarity*.

* There was
 two of these,
 the great
 Frost de-
 stroyed one.

* A great
 whale-bone.

D

When

When you are gone a little further,
You happen just on such another ;

* *A Crane* it is, as *People* tell ye,
Grow'ing from a *Tree Stalk* by the *Belly*.

* *A Tree cut
in the shape
of a Crane.*

Whether alive or no's, no knowing,
Her Bill touts up, just as if *crowing*.

Well! they all *bles'd themselves* that heard it,
How *John* beheld it, and ne're fear'd it ;
But what they stood the most upon Sir,
Was how he slip't by the *Man Monster*.
Which made his *Fellow Servants* say,
John had more mind to *Sights* than they.
But as for *Elsabeth*, she cry'd,
If I had seen it, I had dy'd.
John being *wiser*, term'd them *Fools*,
Well, thence I hobl'd to the *Schools* :
Listning (*cryes John*,) to hear a *Noise* there,
But then belike there were no *Boys* there.
For if there had, there'd been a lurry,
Such as *Dogs* make, that *Cattle* worry.

Look ye, the *Housen* all are *Tyl'd*,
 The *Door* way's *Pitch'd*; I was so foil'd
 With the *wamn'd Stones*, where one goes,
 They do so knock, and bump ones *Toes*.
 The *Schools* de'e mark's a very fair place,
 With *Rooms* built round it, but a square place.
 The *Doors* all something writ upon,
 By which there's something may be known.
 I ask'd a *Scollard* that stood leaning,
 What that was writ for, and the meaning?
 Hoa told me, that they was ----- a *Tu---d*;
 Now I've forgot it ev'ry word.
 No matter, so much I can tell ye,
 One may be taught there all things well'y.
 That * *Schools* to learn ye *conjuring*,
 * 'Tother to *Whistle*, and to *Sing*,
 And how to *play* upon the *Fiddle*,
 To keep the *Lads* from being idle.
 But what to greater *good* amounts,
 A * *School* they have to teach *Accounts* ;
 By which each one may cast up nearly,
 How many *Farthings* he spends yearly.

* *Astronomy*
School.

* *Musick*
School.

* *Arithmetick*
School.

A *Door* I spy'd was open standing,
 I budg'd no farther then my *Band* in:
 But by a *Scollard* I was holp in,
 A *civil Youth*, and a well spoken ;
 We went together up the *Stair Case*,
 Going, till coming to a * *rare place*,
 As thick of *Books* as one could thatch 'um,
 And *Ladders* stood about to reach 'um.
 On each side were two * *round things* standing,
 Made so to turn about with handing :
 By * *one* they knew, as I am told,
 When *Weather* would be *whot* or *cold*,
 What time for *setting*, and for *sowing*,
 When to *prune Trees* the best for growing ;
 By this they make the *Almanacks*,
 And twenty other harder knacks ;
 And 'tis by this they conjure too *Man*,
 Knowing a *Thief* from any true *Man*.
 So that you'd think ths *Devil's* in 'um,
Goods lost, or stole again to bring 'um ;

* *Library.** *Two Globes.** *Cælestial.*

And

And tho' a good while I have seen it,
 I ne're can count you half, that's in it. * *Terrestrial.*
 The * other thing when round it's whurld,
 Shews all the Roads about the World,
 May find if well you look about,
 There all the *Ponds* and *Rivers* out;
 But that the *Schollard* was in haste so,
Hoa wou'd have shewn our House at last too.
 So I went all about the *Meeting*,
 Some People in their *Pews* were * *sitting* * *Schollars*
 Tho' but a few, here and there one, *at Study.*
 The Minister not being come;
 I'le say't, I long'd to hear the *Preaching*,
 I warran't'ee, ay, 'twas dainty *Teaching*.
 I ask'd a young *Youth* what it mean'd,
 That all them *Conjuring Books* are chain'd:
Hoa said they being full of *Cunning*,
 It seems would else have * been for running,
 Before they had them *Chains*, they say, * *Or Stolen.*
 A number of them run away.
 There's such an *Oceant* still, I wonder'd,
 How they could miss a *thousand hunder'd*.

But

But that indeed again is something,
They can know all things by the round thing.

As I went on, the *Folk that reads, ^{* students disturbed.}
Would many times *pop up their Heads*.
And douck 'um down (may hap) again,
And these are call'd the Learned Men.
And look for all the World as frighted,
But were I to be *hang'd, or knighted*,
I can't imagine what mought ail'd 'um,
For could they think one wou'd a *steal'd 'um*;
Well, by and by, there's one comes to me,
I thought the Fellow might have knew me,
Hoa said, I must not make a *stomping*,
And that it was no place to *jump* in;
Whop Sir, thought I, and what ado's here,
About the Nails that in ones Shoes are;
Hoa told me that the Men were earning,
A world of something by their Learning,
And that a Noise might put them out,
So that they ne're could bring't about.

Well

Well, cause *hoa* made a *din* about 'um.
 I daff'd my *Shoes*, and went without 'um.
 The Fellow || *gern'd*, (and cry'd,) what's that for?
 (I said,) and *what* would you be at, Sir? || or *smil'd*.
 My *Shoes* I take under *my Arm*,
 Rather than do their *Worships* harm,
 Because I would not leave the room,
 Before the *Minister* be come.
 At that, *hoa* laugh'd ; so for my part,
 I thought the *Fool* would break his Heart,
 I vvas so mad to see 'n flout ma,
 I long'd almost to lay about ma;
 But thinking that might there be Evil,
 I thought 'twere better to be civil:
 Tying my *Shoes* upon my Feet,
 I vvent dovv'n *Stairs* into the *Street*.
 (*Says Betty*) yvell, and pritheee *John*,
 Of vvh^t *Religion* is this *Tovvn*?
 No, no, (*Says Tom*,) but first let's hear,
 What else, is to be seen there:
 No more hast, then good speed, (*cries John*,)
 I shall be vvith you all anon;

The

The next place that I comes you in,
 Was a most lovely *spacious* thing,
 To know the Name, is no great matter;
 But now I think on't, 'tis the * *Thatter*, * *Theater*.
 The *Thatter* Yard about beset is,
 With *Holly*, and with *Iron Lattice*,
 The ends of which, same Bars made fast are,
 In *Posts of Stone or Alabaster*,
 And upon every *Postes* top,
 There's an *Old Mans Head* set up;
 About there stand a many || *brave Stones*,
 Which are for all the *World like Grave-Stones*,
 I marle why they were carry'd there!
 No *Folks* belike are buried there.
 The House is round---our Master has,
 You know, a *Round-House* in the *Clofe*;
 This is much such another Building,
 But for the *Painting* and the *Guilding*,
 The leading on the top, and then too,
 'Tis twenty times as big agen too;
 A top of all's a little || *Steeple*,
 But ne're a *Bell* to call the *People*.

|| *Antiquities*
 brought from
Jerusal. &c.

|| *Cupilo.*

Down

Down in the Cellar || folks are doing || *Printers.*
 Something that makes a world of bowing,
 Some throw *Black Balls*, their *Heads* some throwing,
 As if they Arse-ward were a mowing,
 Stooping a little more to view 'um,
 They kindly ask'd me to come to 'um;
 But look ye (*Tom*) for here's the thing now,
 One could not come in at the Window,
 And for my share, I could no more
 Fly in the Air, than find the door;
 A world of Paper there was lying,
 Besides a deal as hung a drying,
 They being wet as I suppose,
 Were hung on Lines, as we hang Cloaths;
 The Folk below began to hollow,
Whop, you there, honest Country Fellow;
We'll print your Name, What is't I wonder?
 Says I, one's *John* (Sir,) t'other *Blunder*;
 They bid me walk that way a little,
 I'de find a *dore* about the middle:
 Which having found, (said they,) Go in,
 Not saying any kind of thing;

E

Well,

Well, in comes I, where Men were picking,
 Of little things, that makes a 'nicking :
 And hoa that sent me, not to cheat ma,
 Came up, as I came in, to meet ma ;
 Hoa told me, *them small things were Letters,*
And that the Men themselves were Setters ;
 And so would you think it ! why, this same too,
 Bid one o'th *Fellows* do my Name too :
 And so'a did, and down we went,
 To have *John Blunder* put in *Prent* ;
 And here 'tis for you all to look on't,
 See, if they have not made a *Book* on't ;
Look, Look, (cryes Bess,) so 'tis I vow !
John Blunder, as I live 'tis so.
 But hold, let's read the rest on't tho ;
 Let *Tom*, he's the best *Scollard* ho :
John being just come from *Oxford*, too
 Most thought, that best his Name he knew,
 Having seen how 'twas put together,
 They knew he could not miss on't neither ;
 So out he read it in a *Tune*,
John Blunder, Oxford Printed June :

But

But coming to the *Figures*, was
 (But that *Tom* help'd him) at a loss,
 Not knowing vvhat i'th' vvorld to do,
 To knowv if that vvas *one* or *two* ;
 At last 'twas found to be *One Thousand*
 • *Six Hundred; Seventy* and a *dozen*.
 (Says *John*,) the *Printers* are such *Sots*,
 This bit of *Paper* cost *two Pats*,
 Beside, it cost me *two Pence* more,
 To one that sits to || dup 'a dore, || *Open.*
 That is, quite (as it vvere) vvithin there,
 Where one sees all that's to be seen there ;
 So, in vvent I, vvith this same *Maiden*,
 And not till I come out I paid 'en ;
 It is the finest place, that ever
 My *Eyes* beheld, it's vvrought so clever :
 The || top's all *piçtur'd* most compleatly, || *The Roof of*
the Theatre.
 Squar'd into *Golden Frames* so neatly ;
 Why, there is dravvn a power of things,
 Nay, I dare say, they all are *Kings*,
 Drest up in *Silken Garments* finely,
 Some look ye *soure*, and some look *kindly* ;

There's some kifs some, may hap a *Drab* there,
 Speaks a *Wench* fine, she gives a stab there,
 There's some a fighting, ones a wooing,
 With little *Boys* a flying to him :

There's || one looks grinning, welle'e mad, || *Envy.*

With *Eels*, all done about her *Head*,
 She taps *Folks* till their *Blood* runs out 'um,

With all their *Guts* hanging about 'um ;

There's *Seats* on purpose built (they say there,)

For *Folks* to sit on, they as may there :

There is a *Gallery* made just so,

As that is in our *Church* you know.

Bess asking, What there might be done in't ?

John said, 'Twas built to look upon it,

And that the *Scollards* might at leisure,

Sit there, and smoke, and take their pleasure.

Says *Tom*, Those who sit higher up,

I warr'ntee care not much to smoke.

And so--ay so, says *John*, (says he,)

For them they built the *Gallery* ;

That they the better might look up,

And mind the *Babies* at the top,

And

*And to say truth, Tom, I had rather,
See that, then smoke a month together;
So, when I paid, I ask'd the Woman,
Which was the next place to go to, mun;
She ask'd me, if I ever was,
Oh! such a develish Name it has, || *The Laboratory*
These ugly hard words vex me more, then ---
---Well, say it is at the next dore then;
And there it is, she says, she's sure,
There is a world of fine things more,
But that the baster'd was not willing,
To let me in under a Shilling,
I swear, I would have given a Groat;
To please my mind, with all my heart;
But 'cause the plaguy Dog was crass,
I turn'd, and bid 'en kiss mine A----;
But being pretty late, and so,
And I not knowing where to go,
So, I went home, and went to bed,
And snor'd till morning, like one dead;
Well, up I gets, and having quaff'd,
A two quarts mug, my morning Draught;*

I had

*I had a swinging mind to go,
 And hear the Organs you must know :
 And Land-lord said, as one might hear 'um,
 At Christ-Church, which was pretty near one,
 Who e're knows Oxford, 'tis not far,
 My Horse being set up at the Star.*

*I thought I'de as good slip o're one day,
 Look ye, because this same was Sunday ;
 For my share, I was loth to choose,
 That day to go a seeking Shows.
 But, going down to Queens, to see
 If my Young Master well might be ;
 And passing over || Carryfox,
 Which is the Market place of Ox---
 Ford, where two little Pigmys stands,
 Such nimble-twiches of their Hands ;
 Just o're the place where Folks sell Butter,
 And with two Hammers keep a clutter ;
 It being their business (so belike,)
 To knock, when e're the Clock shall strike,*

|| Carryfox.

A Bell, that's hung ye so between,
That so, they might besure to see'n;
Alive, sure as a *band*, a *band* is,
With *Heads* no bigger then ones *band* is,
As long---lets see, if I can tell now, ---
About as long as from my *Elbow*,
Elisabeth said, *She met a Fairy*
One morning early in the Dairy :
Cries *John*, *Just such a one 'twas Betty*,
Such Folks I vow are very pretty.
Why, I've seen too *New-Colledge* mount,
And stood ye a good while upon't ;
And *Mandling walks*, and *Christ-Church Fountain*,
A thing that makes a mighty sprouting :
Well, *Monday* comes, and hardly neither,
Before *Day-break* I hies me thither ;
But I found out by Peoples saying,
These *Organs* would not yet be playing.
And that I might go home again,
And come and hear 'um just at *Ten* ;
By then the *Bells* had all done ringing,
The *Folks* were come, and set a singing,

There's

There's some are *fat*, and some are *lean*,
 And some are *Boys* and some are *Men*,
 But what I'm sure will make you stare,
 They all stand in their || *Shirts* I swear; || *surplice*.
 Here *Susan* blush'd, and *John* beseeches,
 To tell, if these all wore no *Breeches*.
 Cries *John*, that one can hardly know,
 They wear their *Linnen* things so low;
 Each one when they come in, stand still,
 Bowing, and wrigling at the Sill;
 I look'd a while, and mark'd one *Noddy*,
 || Something he bow'd to, but no *Body*, || *The Altar*.
 For these and other things as *apish*,
 The *Town-folks* term the *Scollards* *Papish*;
 The *Organs* set up with a *ding*,
 The *White-men* roar, and *White-Boys* sing,
Rum, Rum, the *Organs* go, and *zlid*,
 Sometimes they *squeek* out like a *Pig*,
 Then *gobble* like a *Turky Hen*,
 And then to *Rum, Rum, Rum* again:
 What with the *Organs*, *Men*, and *Boys*,
 It makes ye up a *dismal Noise*;

All being over as I wils,
Out come they like a *Flock* of *Geese*.

The *place* as I went in at, there
A kind of *Tat-house*, as it were;
A top of which a *Bell* is hung,
Bigger than e're was look'd upon,
I understood by all the *People*,
'Twas bigger than our *Church* and *Steeple*;
At *Nine* at night, it makes a *Bomeing*,
And then the *Scollards* all must come in.

Now I've told all that e're I see,
Unless the *brazen Nose* it be,
Clapt on a *College Tat* to grace it,
And shew, may hap, they're *brazen Faced*;
And there's another thing I think on,
The *Devil* looking over *Lincoln*;
Their *Faults* besure, he kindly winks on,
Tho other *Colleges* he squints on;

There's some are *fat*, and some are *lean*,
 And some are *Boys* and some are *Men*,
 But what I'm sure will make you stare;
 They all stand in their *Shirts* I swear; *||* *surprize*
 Here *Susan* blush'd, and *John* beseeches,
 To tell, if these all wore no *Breeches*.
 Cries *John*, that one can hardly know,
 They wear their *Linnen* things so low;
 Each one when they come in, stand still,
 Bowing, and wrigling at the Sill;
 I look'd a while, and mark'd one *Noddy*,
|| Something he bow'd to, but no *Body*, *||* *The Alia*
 For these and other things as *apish*,
 The *Town-folks* term the *Scollards* *Papish*;
 The *Organs* set up with a *ding*,
 The *White-men* roar, and *White-Boys* sing,
Rum, Rum, the *Organs* go, and *zlid*,
 Sometimes they *squeek* out like a *Pig*,
 Then *gobble* like a *Turky Hen*,
 And then to *Rum, Rum, Rum* again:
 What with the *Organs*, *Men*, and *Boys*,
 It makes ye up a *dismal Noise*;

All being over as I wifs,
Out come they like a *Flock* of *Geesse*.

The *place* as I went in at, there
A kind of *Yat-house*, as it were ;
A top of which a *Bell* is hung,
Bigger than e're was look'd upon,
I understood by all the *People*,
'Twas bigger than our *Church* and *Steeple* ;
At *Nine* at night, it makes a *Bomeing*,
And then the *Scollards* all must come in.

Now I've told all that e're I see,
Unless the *brazen Nose* it be,
Clapt on a *College Yat* to grace it,
And shew, may hap, they're *brazen Faced* ;
And there's another thing I think on,
The *Devil* looking over *Lincoln* ;
Their *Faults* besure, he kindly winks on,
Tho other *Colleges* he squints on ;

A world of pity 'twas, I swear,
That our Young Master was not there.

Bess willing, yet to be more knowing,
Demands *what Clothes Schollars go in?*
For the most part (says John,) they wear
Such kind of Gowns as Parsons are;
Some Trenchers on their Heads have got,
As black as yonder Porridge-Pot;
And some have things; exactly such
As my Old Gammers mumbles Pouch,
Which sits upon his Head as neat,
As 'twere sew'd to't by e'ry Pleat:
Some I dare say, are very poor, tho'
They wear their Gowns berent and tore so,
Hanging about them all in Littocks,
That they can hardly hide their Buttocks.
When they want Mony, I believes,
The Lads are fain to sell their Sleeves,
Because they have their stint of Victuals,
And that I'me sure, but very little's;

For look ye, many a time I meet,
 May happen twenty in the Street,
 With handsome Gowns to look upon,
 And ne'r a Sleeve to all their Gowns.
 You know Young Master for a Meater,
 Was for his Years a handsome Eater ;
 Well, and his Sleeves are gone already,
 And his was a New Gown too, Betty,
 And hangs about his Legs in shatters,
 I swear, 'has torn it all to tatters.
 I held a jag aloft, to shew'n,
 And bid'n let the Taylor sew'n.
 Hoa laught, and cry'd, Why, that's no fault John,
 Hoa tor't, to pass ye for a * Saltman ; * Senior.
 But I have sometimes met with some
 Young Men, may chance with a whole Gown,
 Holding 'um out as if they'd dry 'um,
 So that one hardly can get by 'um.
 Cry'd Tom, So drunk they could not miss 'um,
 What nasty Dogs they're to be-piss 'um.
 Cry'd John, No, while they have a Gown,
 They make use of their time to shew'n.

Now you have all, let's go to *Bed*,
I well'y long to lay my *Head*:
And *John* that motion made, because
Their *Eyes* by this time all drew *Straws*;
All thank him round, *Sue*, *Bess*, and *Tom*,
And went to *Roost* all ev'ry one.

Now *John* has done his *Banbury Story*,
With no small *Pride* or little *Glory*,
Beside a lusty *Toft* and *Ale*,
As soon as he had done his *Tale*,
Which *Tale*, if you too soon forget it,
I vow, I should be strangely fretted;
I should not stand so much upon it,
But that my *Tale* depends so on it;
That if this *John* should be left out,
I know not how to bring't about:
Alas! I should be very willing,
To give full fourty round broad Shilling,
To tell a *Tale* as well as he,
And purchase such a *Memory*;

But

But 'cause I'de have you think me honest,
I shall go back, so as I promis'd.

I think I brought them up to *Town*,
And staid till all their *Coin* was gone :
Their *Needs* by this time has bereft 'um,
Of the bare *scent* on't, all I left 'um ;
By this time, *Master* has forgot,
His Mothers *Sweet-meats* for a *Pot*,
And the *Pack-rider* (such another,)
Loves a *Girl* better than his *Mother*,
Being much of a *Faculty*,
In general, they much agree,
To scrub all day, a *Nut-brown Table*,
With all the might, as they are able ;
From hence it is, that some poor *Fellows*
Have so thin *Cloathing* at their *Elbows*.
In this *Opinion* I am bold,
Because the *Reason* is two-fold.
For here they spend their *Wits* and *Coin* too,
In getting *nothing*, spend their *time* too ;

And

And tho, they take so much *Delight*
 To make their *Landlord's Table* bright,
 And wear their *Gowns* and *Elbows* out,
 In labouring to bring't about ;
 Seldom their *Hostess* so befriends 'um,
 To mend, or pay the *Man* that mends 'um.
 Now what will *Mothers Honey* do,
 Depriv'd of *Cloaths* and *Money* too ;
 But send by * *Basset*, or *John Hickman*, * *Carrier's*.
 A *Line*, to make his *Friends* more quick *Man*,
 That he's in a most *sad Condition*,
 Worse I believe, than *Nick* could wish him,
 And that he wants more *Money*, so
 He knows not what i'th world to do ;
 Hopes they're well, as at this sending
 He is, and so he falls to ending.
 Now if his *Friends* are poor, or witty
 Enough to fain they're so, or * *Nitty*, * *close-Fisted*.
 For want of *Money*, to say truth,
 Most an end makes a *hopeful Youth* :
 But those who count by *Pocket-fulls*,
 Empt *them* together with their *Sculls*,

To a *Hat-full* of *Head*, 'tis fair,
 If *Brains* a *Thimble-full* be there,
 Enough to practice by a *Sample*,
 How they may pass for *Schollars* ample ;
 In spite of *vacant Heads*, and *Hours*,
 Half *Gowns* are always *Seniours*,
 So halv'd and jag'd, if needs you'l know,
 If *Seniour Soph* 'has *Gown* or no ;
 Looking on's *Shoulders*, and no lower,
 Perhaps it may be in your power.
 When they've been there about a *Quarter*,
 Say half a *Year*, or such a matter,
 Their *Friends* think it more orderly
 To send their *Mony* quarterly ;
 By this time, they have more occasion
 For *Ready*, than the poor o'th *Nation*,
 Thinking they better know the use on't,
 A *Peer* o'th *Realm* is less profuse on't ;
 That *Week* o'th *Quarter*, as they have it,
 He's damn'd with *them* who thinks to save it :
 Now for that necessary *Trick*,
 To *book*, and *score*, and run a *Tick*,

For

For *Gown*, and *Cap*, for *Drink*, and *Smoke*,
And so much more for *Ink*, and *Chalk*;
Five pound a *Coat*,----- *Ink* Five more-----*Ten*,
Six Bottles, ---- *Chalk* as much agen;
A *Glass* broke, *Six pence* ---- so much more,
Because 'twas put upon the *Score*.
And at this rate the *Coxcombs* run
Their *Daddies* out of *House* and *Home*;
Those that in *Debt*, the least may be,
Perhaps owe *Hundreds* two, or three,
Till fallen downright sick of *Duns*,
Keeps *Chamber*, till the *Carrier* comes;
The ready *Money*, when they send it,
He must upon his *Mistress* spend it;
And so that very *Night* he runs
To honest *Joan* of *Hed*----tons,
Who brags she has been a *Beginner*
With many an after-harden'd *Sinner*;
As to a *Book* an *Introduction's*
To *Vice*, so she, and her *Instruction's*;
And since the *Doctrine* of her *School's*
Practis'd, and follow'd so by *Fool's*,

For

For pray, in all our *Modern Hist'ries*,
 Look me a *Fool without a Mistriss*.
 Whose part's to set the *Gins*, and bait 'um,
 And the snare'd *Ideot's* part, to treat 'um,
 So *Schollars*, who do all by *Rules*,
 without *Example*, won't be *Fools*,
 And dedicate their ready *Monies*,
 To please, and to divert their *Honies*;
 Not, that they're given all to *whoreing*,
 Some are for *honest downright roaring*;
 And quite another sort of *Fellows*,
 Love nothing but a noise, and *Ale-House*:
 I would not have you here mistake me;
 I know not how, 'tis you may take me,
 Ne're think think these *Youngsters*, by their looks,
 Will mate their Heads, with *silly Books*:
 Which a *Cann-Lover* minds no more,
 Then he that loves an ugly *Whore*,
 Being none but *Ugly* in the *Town*,
 Since one *Mal's* dead, and t'other gone;
 The Lads content are in their *Room*,
 To Court a *Moppstick*, or a *Broom*,

Drest in a *Night-Rail*, and a *Settee*,
Dear *Nancy* call it, and their *Betty*,
But then, he makes a hideous quarter,
If once ammomer'd on's *Taylor's Daughter*;
You may then, at the same Church see him,
Which Father, Mother, has, and she in
Coming out, down he vales his *Bonnet*,
And next day *pelts her with a Sonnet*;
But if she stubborn chance to prove,
He makes a *Changeling of his Love*,
And in a strange Poetick Ire,
Grows very *Smutty*, *very dire*,
As sharp as may be, to say truth,
Seeing his Muse had ne're a *Tooth*;
And heretofore, 'twas no great matter,
For *Teeth* to any private *Satyr*;
But now let each look to his *Brawls*,
And not refer't to *Generals*;
Since now, there wants a publick *Prater*,
To raise the *Hiss*, or *Hum oth' Theater*,
Such as we took for *Owls*, and *no Men*,
Who knew not how t' abuse the *Women*,

'Twas

'Twas then, no more, *but let some Lad,*
Highly disturb'd, and Vengeance mad,
Where the *Girl* gave just cause, or no,
Let him, to *Terræ Filius* go:

'Twas he, knew how to mak't appear,
As true, as you alive stand there,
Wise *Sparks*, and bold, who durst to tell them,
Their Faults, who could, and did expell them.
But these mad *whipsters*, have given o're now,
And lash these, and the *Town no more now.*

The Act, a time they did all this at,
Is still a time as much to hiss at,
At which time, when so e're it comes,
Wise Men of *Gotham*, change their Gowns,
Which is a kind of Term, d'ee see,
I use for taking a Degree.

Having had other things to follow,
They pray their *Chum*, or *Chamber-Fellow*,
To help them out to say their part,
For want of time to get't by heart;
For here the Misery of it lies,
When they're oblig'd to exercise,

Which is, e're they take a Degree,
 Some *Fellow*, or what e're he be;
 Asks him if things be *so*, or *so*,
 To which he answers *ay*, or *no*,
 And if he happens to say right,
 He gets ye his Degree, in spight
 Of *Lousie Learning*, to which end,
 Some better Scholar, and his Friend,
 H'intreats, because he would not miss,
 To hold his Finger up at *Yes*;
 And when his turn comes to say *no*,
 To do his finger *so*, or *so*.

And now no question, but you'l ask || *Sunday*.
 How 'tis, they so neglect their Task,
 Folks can't do all at once, for look, Sir,
 They've more to do, than con a Book, sure,
 For *Sundays* work, it very fare is,
 To see, who preaches at St. *Maries*,
 Peep in at *Carfax Church*, to see there,
 Either who preaches, or what *she* there :

Then

Then, as if troubled with the *Squitters*,
 Away they feque it to, *St. Peters*,
 When up into the *Chancel* coming,
 Which most an end is full of *Women*,
 About they strut a while, and seek out,
 And one vouchsafe at last, to pick out,
 Or cry; *pox, ne're a handsome Woman* :
 And *Preacher* being in *Prayer Common* ;
 They can't a while so long to stay,
 To see who *Preaches* there to day :
 So, in their way down to *St. Giles*,
 For more dispatch, they take *St. Miles*,
 'Cause they're oblig'd, e're Church be done,
 To thrust their Nose in every one ;
 Which makes them run, *and-sweat, and Blurry*,
 And puts them in the deadliest hurry,
 For 'tis you know, a *Common saying*,
Business admits of no delaying.

When coming to the *Quaker's Meeting*,
 Where some are standing, some are sitting,

Eyes

Eyes shut, with open Mouths, *some lunging,*
Amidst the Brother-hood, they scrunge in,
Approaching of a handsome Sister,
With her Eyes closed, make bold to kiss her;
Which mov'd her *Sponse*, but never mov'd her,
Taking him for a *Friend* that lov'd her;
But her *Friend John*, suppos'd that he,
Bestow'd no Kiss of Charity;
Which made *his Guts* for madnefs, wamble,
Friend (says he) giving him a jumble,
Do thou, I say, let her alone,
Or else, 'twere better thou wert gone;
Do so, in thy own *Steeple-House*,
And not in other Peoples House.
To which the Schollar answers, *rat it,*
What makes the Fellow so mad at it.
He wonders what the *Quaker* thinks on't,
'Twas done to her, and still she winks on't.

But Quack slips out to tell the *Procter*,
How Schollars kist his Wife, and mock'd her;

At our Assembly, hard by here,
 The Young Men still (I me sure) are there ;
 So I made haste to come to thee,
 That thou might'st come thy self and see :
 Since 'tis thy business to protect 'um,
 Prithee do thou therefore correct 'um.
 After this Speech the Proctor coming,
 Sets all the Crew of Roysters running,
 And upon all he lays his Hands,
 He either takes *them* or their Gowns ;
 And he's glad on't with all his heart,
 Who gets off with his Gown in part,
 Not being a thing accounted shameful,
 To have's Gown lessen'd by a handful,
 Since all the punishment and shame
 Light's only on the Fools, are ta'ne ;
 Like Birds, put in a Cage to whistle,
 Unless they patch up an Epistle,
 To'th Proctor, for the which he looks,
 Besure in every one, one's Books,
 Fills his Head, full as ere't can hold,
 Because e're long they must be sold ;

Monday.

Thrum-

48 *Academia, or the Humours of the*
Thrumming out several *scraps* of *Latin*,
As like as *Dovvlas* is to *Satin* :
An expeditious way, and better
Then make of his own *head*, a *Letter*,
Or wanting *Books* to tumble o're,
He gets a *Letter* made before ;
Hackney Epistle to the *College*,
For those who have but little *knowledge* ;
No sooner this the *Proctor* sees,
But his *offence* he strait forgives,
For joy of which, he roars most deadly,
And sails that afternoon to medly,
Near half a mile, or such a matter,
It lyes as you go down the *Water* ;
A place at which they never fail,
Of *Custard*, *Cyder*, *Cakes*, and *Ale*,
Cream, *Tarts*, and *Cheese-Cakes*, good *Neats Tongues*,
And pretty *Girls* to wait upon's.

Schollars by right in studying *Hours*,
Or should not late be out of *Doors*,

But

But having found with how much ease,
 At worst the *Prætor* they appease,
 And long e're this, and for the future,
 Knowing how to satisfy their *Tutor*.
 Some *Country Stranger*, or a *Brother*,
 Some *Friend Relation* or another,
 Being come to *Town* only to stare,
 Will be a *Week* or *Fortnight* here;
 And he can do no less, than go
 Sometimes to wait on him, or so,
 Treat him, go with him up and down,
 At least, and shew him all the *Town*:
 That he at home might tell a *Story*,
 O'th *Theatre* and *Labo'ratory*.
 And ever when one *Strangers* gone,
 Besure they'l have another come;
 And then you know, it would be evil,
 If they to *Strangers* be uncivil;
 And then sometimes their *Father* sends,
 Or else some other of their *Friends*,
 (They say,) a *Letter of Attorney*,
 Praying them to take a little *Journey*,

H

To

To such a *Town* near *two hours* going,
 To take some *Money* they have owing ;
 The *Postscript* runs, *Dear Son* or *Coxen*,
 Make haste to go, or else you'l los'en.

When *Tuesday* comes, he's up by *Noon*,
 Least *Donson's dancing* should be done,
 'Cause he'd be there, he very fairly
 Forsakes his *Bed* so very early.

Tuesday.

Tho he sate up the *Night* before,
 To smoke his *Bed---mat*, for the *Dore*
 By *Nine*, is always so fast shut,
 That no *Soul* living can get out.

As for *Tobacco* he'd forgot it,
 Tho e'ry *Night* he us'd to sot it,
 And so was fain to *do as a' could*,
 Because he *cou'd not do as he would*.

And truth, they care not one should know it,
 But they're as poor as any *Poet* :
Fortune, that *Enemy* to *sense* is,
 She makes *Fools* poor for bare *Pretences*.

And

And tho to smoke they're so *Delighted*,
 They want wherewith to *Pot* and *Pipe* it,
 And so all Night, *They* and their *Chums*,
 Sit whiffing *Straws* till morning comes;
 And then betake them to their *Beds*,
 And lye till *Four* to ease their *Heads*:
 But being oblig'd to come to *Prayers*,
 Whipping the *Surplice* o're their *Ears* ;
 At *Six* some places, some at *Ten*,
 To *Prayers*, that done, to *Bed* again.

Wednesday being come *six Hours* ago, *wednesday.*
 He's up, and say, he's ready too;
 Forsooth, he rose that day so rare,
 Because he'd take the *Country Air*.
 Perhaps some *Fools* rise more betimes,
 And meet with but *unwholesome Rimes*,
 Which for the *World* they would not go in,
 From *Letters* & *Schollars* are so knowing ;
 Now for their way of going a *shooting*,
 Sometimes a *Horse-back*, sometimes *Footing* :

Approaching some Lone House, or Cottage;
Reaking with Bacon, Herbs and Pottage,
Ne're knock, but baul out, *Who's within there?* ---
Who's there? ----- *two or three come to dine here.*
Then *Jenny* coming out in *Kersey*,
Makes to the Gentle Folks a *Cursey*;
Her Mother calling from within,
Jane, bid the *Gentlefolk* come in;
In they come, *Welcome* by her *Troth*,
Who freely sets them all she hath;
Glad in their hearts, that *Folks* so brave,
Will please to eat all they have.
Can you eat in a homely *Tray*?
You're welcome all as I may say.
They've done, but having other *Butts*,
Beside the stuffing of their *Gutts*.
Jane going for to'ther *Pot* of *Ale*,
They seldom of a flitching fail;
The Mother sometimes going after,
To wring the *Tap* in for her *Daughter*,
The while they get it from the rack,
And take their leaves when she comes back,
The

The good Wife vexing, can't but think,
 'Tis strange they would not stay, and drink!
 But then she's in a woful taking,
 When once she comes to miss her Bacon.
 But she's in as much woe agen,
 For losing of her speckled Hen;
 The Scholars, as for their parts, they
 Go home rejoicing in their Pray;
 And at the very next Farmers door,
 Shoot two or three Ducks, and Pullets more;
 Thus being provided of good Vittles,
 Their next care is to wet their Whistles,
 Contriving where 'twere best to seat 'um,
 And of the best way to defeat 'um;
 Because as I before was saying,
 They've bitterly against all Paying;
 So having call'd for what they will,
 And yauld, and sung, and drunk their fill;
 Going forth as to untruss a Point,
 They run their Legs near out of Joint,
 'Till they have reached the Town agen,
 And some such other * bonzing Ken,

* Ale-house.

Playing

Playing a world of pretty Knacks,
 As oft as People turn their backs,
 Melt the Folks Flagons, burn their Bellows,
 Then sear a loft their Names 'ith' Ale-house.
 And in their Breeches put their Candles,
 The Snuffers and the Flaggon handles.

Next Morning raging Hostess comes Thursday
 To's Chamber door with other Duns :
 There's such a *din* and such a *drumming*,
 As if the King of *France* was coming :
 As if their Business were to keep him
 And all the *College* too from sleeping.
 Then sometimes hold their hands for cunning,
 And lend an ear to hear him coming ;
 Because if he should think them gone,
 He would peep out twenty to one.
 Their patience tir'd, to't they go,
 Ran dan, tara ran, clutter to quo. Knows
 Are you within, Sir, Mr. Snear—
 Yes that he is, and knows who's there,

Knows all your Voices, great and small,
And to the Devil sends ye all.

 Casting an Eye, *first thro' a Chink,*
One of his Neighbours *fitting think,*
To open gingerly the door,
Because he is not very sure,
But that some *Ambuscade might fire,*
Before the neatly could retire,
Having by this judicious care,
Perceiv'd the Coast all round him clear,
That every individual Dun,
His Neighbours are, and not his own;
He with a Noble Courage speaks,
And to them thus his mind he breaks,
Sirs, if you'd speak with Mr. *Snear,*
You must not think to find him there;
He went abroad Three hours ago,
And goes out ev'ry morning so;
But Sir, tho now he b'en't within,
Pray when, de'e think, he will come in?

When

When he goes out by three or four,
He comes not in 'till ten, or more:
Because his business will not let him,
I wonder that you never met him:
If with him you'd so fain a' spoken,
You should come e're the Gates are open.
They thank him for his gracious Speeches,
And then toward him turn their *Breeches*,
Going their ways, tak't for a warning,
To come more early the next Morning.

Now *Snear* releas'd thus of his Cares,
Tells all his *Duns* down all the stairs.
Before he's very sure he's safe,
He dare not wry his Mouth to laugh.
Truely, there comes a deal of good,
From *Fellowfeeling Neighbourhood*!
T'other comes to Congratulate,
' With him the goodness of his Fate,
Who thro' the *Key-hole* looks to see him,
And asks if there no more be we' him,

Assur'd

Assur'd he's *Solus*, to be short,
Comes boldly out, and thanks him for't.

But now it being *dinner time*,
They venture to the *Hall to dine*,
Where *Baxter*, one that *lets out Horses*,
Comes, hoping to repair his *Losses*;
And being wiser than the rest,
Thinks there to find his *Debtors best*,
Who mind *their Cramming*, but not so,
But they've an *Eye* for such a *Foe*,
Contriving, *Dinner done*, to tumble
Together, all out in a Bundle;
Deceiving thus his *Vigilance*;
Who to repair this great *mischance*,
Setting up's *Throat*, begins to hollow it,
Sir, Sir, why Sir, there, Mr. *Shallow-wit*;
But as for Mr. *Shallow-wit*, he
Has more wit, than to hear or see,
So in the *Crow'd*, away he goes,
And nothing of the matter knows.

Creditor doubts if that might be him,
Or else concludes he did not see him;
And since 'tis so the *bubbl'd Dun*,
Contented as he can, goes home.

'Twere to be wonder'd why the *Townsmen*,
Have so much foolish Faith for *Gownsmen*,
But here the Mystery of it lies,
These seeming Fools, are truly wise,
For if they can by all their comings
To Hall, and Chambers, all their dunnings,
Their horrid threats, that *for the future*,
They'l come no more, but tell their Tutor.
Or of some piece of Merriment,
To tell the Head, or *Presidem*.
If by these Arts he clears one score,
He can sustain the loss of four:
And he that to be honest chooses;
In paying, pays him all he loses.
So that the Trader might afford it,
To lose the rest, and never word it;

But

But that your Merchants ever love,
Something to gain o're and above.

Always when once 'tis Afternoon,
Duns with the *Colleges* have done ;
And Scholars *looking well about*,
With caution, venture to go out ;
For many times it happens so's,
I'th' very face to *meet their Foes* :
With Sir, *you know you owe me*, for
Maintaining of your *Spotted Cur* ;
I'me sure, I bought him as good *Meat*,
As any *Christian*, Sir, could eat :
If there's in Man any Belief,
I always fed the Whelp with Beef ;
A deal of Money, *I disburs't so*,
And Money going out of *Purse so---*
I'de ask'd your *Tutor*, but to stay me,
You said, that you'd next *Quarter pay me*,
'Las I'me a *poor Man*, that you know,
And yet you'l never *pay me too*.

The Sparks so thunder-struck at this,
He hardly can tell what he is,
Protests to Harry, he is willing
To pay, bids him, *here, take that shilling,*
Being all he has now in his Pocket,
As for his Chest he can't unlock it,
Because he has either spoil'd his Key,
Lost it, or laid it out o'th' way;
And says, when e're he comes for the rest,
He'll pay him, or he'll break his Chest.
These words give Harry Satisfaction
Beyond th'e vent, or threaten'd Action;
Who fancies in this Chest a Mint,
When there is ne're a penny in't.

Therefore to shun such Brunts as these,
Scholars in walking cross the Ways,
Ne're grutching Shoo-leather, or ground,
For more convenience circle round,
And many times set up a running,
And all for fear of Duns, and dunning;

Let

Let their *Walk* for *Example* this be,
 To *Weavers School*, from *Corpus Christi* :
 Thro' *Christ-Church*, *Penny-farthing Street*,
 Where there lives none he fears to meet ;
 His way down by *St. Thomas lyes*,
 And so he slips by *Paradice*,
 And falls to running there from going,
 Least any should come out as know him,
 Because he owes them for his *Custard*,
 Nor paid yet for his *Tongue*, and *Mustard* ;
 Tho once being took, he made a *promise*.
 From *Castle-Bridge*, up from *St. Thomas* :
 Thro *Bullocks-Lane*, unsight, unseen,
 He's like a *spright* in *Glouster-Green*,
 From thence he goes out by *St. Giles's*,
 And thro' the *Fields* which near a *mile* is,
 Yet by then *twenty* you could tell,
 He's arriv'd safe in *Holy-well* ;
 And when you're come about the middle,
 You may know *Weavers* by the *Fiddle* ;
 A *Boarding*, and a *Dancing School*,
 Where *People* learn to go by *Rule*,

And

And 'tis high time he there should be,
 It being something now past *Three* ;
 To be there's, of concern as much
 To him, as going is to *Church*,
 Going to *see*, more than to *hear*,
 The very same as he does there ;
Dancing, being done, and *Dangers* past,
 He get's to's *College* safe at last :
 He might, by much a nearer way found,
 That is, by *Mandlins*, and the *Grey-hound*,
 And mist the *Town* as well ; but there's
 So deeply plung'd o're head and ears,
 The very *Signs* enough to fright him,
 Least the curst *Dog* in it might bite him.

Next day, when all the *House* is snoring, *Friday.*
 Before his *Duns* are up before him,
 As if their *Souls* made up one *Song*,
 The *Stairs* as by *Agreement* throng,
 And so harmoniously each one
 Raps at his *Door* as in his turn ;

Tho' met ; but one of all those *Fools* there,
Knows what the benefit of *Schools* are ;
He was that one, who sure as can be,
Missing a *Bottle* of lovely *Brandy*,
And being in a world of *Dolour*,
And finding out this worthy *Schollar* ;
Both too alone, for only saying,
That he desir'd that he would pay him ;
Threatned for *Payment* was with *Pumping*,
And put to save himself by *jumping*
O're a *Wall*, might break his *Neck*,
To keep his *Back* from being *wet*.
'Tis so unsafe for any *Dun*,
To 'accost a *Schollar* all alone ;
At many, tho he looks so leering,
He'll make a single one to fear him :
As I before said, I say here,
'Tis well they are enow for *Sneer*,
Beating his *Door*, they keep him waking,
And spoil his *Peace*, as well as *Napping*.

Here

Here was his *Shoe-maker*, and *Taylor*,
 His fiery *Hoftefs*, *Mrs. Rayler*;
 And *Drawers* shaking off their *Noddles*,
 For loofing of their *Wine* and *Bottles*;
 And a kind *Girl* befide, who had
 Made him a *Twelve-month* fince a *Dad*;
 Good reason why fhe came to feek him,
 For fomething towards the *Infants* keeping,
 Among the *Croud* for *Payment* whining,
 was fhe that us'd to make his *Linnen*;
 Where grumbling an *Old Gardner* ftood,
 Who loft his *Hedge* for *Fire-wood*: and good
 Befide his *Rake*, his *Hoe*, and *Shovel*,
 And half the *Faggots* off his *Hovel*;
 And *Country-men*, amidft all thefe,
 For loofing *Turkeys*, *Hens*, and *Geefe*;
Mercury was there, who on the wing, goes
 To make him pay for's *Ladies Windows*;
 And in his hand he bore a *Ticket*,
 Demanding reason why he brake it?
 His *Landrefs* having all his *Linnen*,
 Need never *Dun*, or go to *Spinning*,

Wafhing,

Washing, because he's fain to pay for't,
He seldom wears but half a *Day-Shirt*,
At first she'l chop, and change, and choose 'um,
And dextrously at last she'l loose 'um,
Nor by this most ingenious way,
Can hardly get up half her pay ;
His *Bedmaker* whilst at the *Ale-house*,
For *Pay* can seize his *Bed* and *Pillows*,
And for that *Reason* is more cunning,
Then to bestow the pains to *dun* him.

The *Dunners* having hinted been,
That Mr. *Snear* was now within,
Were fully bent for very spight,
To stand all at his *Door* till *Night*,
And by so close a *Siege* go nye they,
To make him truly fast his *Friday* ;
No longer able to sustain it,
No more than's *Father* to maintain it :
Snear vows to morrow he'l be going,
From all the *Noise* of *Mony* owing ;

Friday.

For *Scholarship* he here forswears it,
And takes his tatter'd *Gown*, and tares it.

And now his restless *Duns* are gone,
He takes his *farewell* of the *Town*,
Meeting at *Midnight* with the *Procter*,
With less concern then if a *Doctor*,
Not only very boldly meets him,
But to return his *Question*, beats him ;
Which having done, as fast he runs,
As when he us'd to meet his *Duns* :
And in his *Flight*, breaking his *Shin*, now's
Fully reveng'd on the next *Windows* ;
In which *Sport* when his hand is in,
He lays about like any thing,
Roaring, and hallowing down the *Streets*,
Swears to knock down the next he meets.
Wallowing all *Night* in such *Abuses*,
Nor studies for next days *Excuses*,
Knowing he shall complete his *Sport*
At home, or at the *Inns* of *Court*,

'Cause I'me not willing to suppose here,
Our *Teachers* ever such as those were.

The *Day* now coming on a new, *Saturday.*
Wherein he bids the *Town* adieu,
Having no encouragement to tarry here,
Sends for his *Wardrobe* by the *Carrier*.
Now free at liberty and peace is,
Secure, unask'd, goes where he pleases,
Here cruel *Duns*, nor fear'd expulsion,
Can shake his *Soul* to a *Convulsitn*,
Bearing the *Learning* off, he's free
From all the *Plagues* o'th *'Versity*.

No *Cæsars* loss lamented more yet,
Then where he us'd to *book* and *score* it;
The *Tears* of *Mothers*, and of *Duns*,
Hers for *lost Children*, theirs for *Sums*,
More *unconstrain'd* are, and true,
Then those I shed in this *Adieu*.

F I N I S.



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